

The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.
CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

OFFICE,
Bloomfield, N. J.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS. \$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

The following firms are advertised in our columns. From personal acquaintance with these business houses we feel perfectly justified in warmly recommending them to the readers of the GAZETTE. For particulars, read their advertisements in detail.

CLOTHING—READY MADE & TO ORDER.
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HATS, CAPS AND SUMMER HATS.
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N. H. Dodd, Montclair.

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W. L. Doremus, Montclair.

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Hecker, 203 Cherry-st., Newark.
Boyle & Lyle, Park Place.

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W. Neiderhauser, Montclair.
Jacob Fussell, Newark.

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Barnett, 10 Academy-st., Newark.
N. A. Merritt, 60 Orange st.

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Miss Ripley, 636 " "

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Dentists.

DR. P. J. KOONZ,
DENTIST,
No. 1 GREAT JONES ST., near Broadway,
NEW YORK.

Laughing Gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

DENTISTRY.

W. W. PINHAM, D. D. S.,
(Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College),
476 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.
Refers by permission to Messrs. Wm. B. Guild, Jr., Gen. F. H. Harris, Dr. A. Ward, W. T. Mercer, G. R. Kent, of Newark; Dr. Love and Plinkham of Montclair, and Dr. Wilmers of East Orange.

ALEXANDER MCKIRGAN,
Successor to Reed & McKirgan.

PENTIST,
No. 45 Bank Street, NEWARK, N. J.

Laughing Gas administered. dec30-1y

DR. CHAS. A. MECKER,
DENTIST,
611 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

(Opposite Trinity Church.)
The Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty. may31-6m

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ARCHITECTS,
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NEWARK, N. J.

J. L. Briggs, Newark.
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Cor. Broad and Orange Streets first corner below M. & E. R. R. NEWARK.

Pictures taken in all weathers. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. May10-1y

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LACE CURTAINS,
WALL PAPERS,
WINDOW SHADES,
WHITE AND BUFF HOLLANDS,
NO. 583 BROAD ST. (near Nesbitt) NEWARK.

All orders promptly attended to. feb3-1y

Publishers

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.,
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,
125 & 140 GRAND STREET,
NEW YORK.

*Our new Descriptive Catalogue of the American Educational Series and the Educational Reporter will be sent to teachers and educationalists on application.

CONFECTIONERY.

FUSSELL'S ICE CREAM.

OYSTERS.

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT!!

The Citizens of Newark and vicinity are informed that "FUSSELL'S ICE CREAM" will be continued in the Fall and Winter the same as in the Summer. No postponement on account of the weather.

The same Delicious Creams and Ice, will be made and delivered to Families, Boarding-Houses, Balls, Societies, &c.

AT THE SAME LOW PRICE AS IN THE SUMMER. Boarding-house keepers will find great advantage in having ICE CREAM for a DESSERT two or three times a week—they can cook up nothing that is cheaper or more refreshing.

ALL THE USUAL KINDS OF CREAM.

Will be kept, besides the French Cream. We have all kinds of FANCY MOULDS.

Both large and small, of Birds, Animals, Men, Fruit, &c. Bachelors will be given for serving.

WEDDINGS AND PARTIES with all Refreshments needed, including the BIG CAKE. Our Saloon will be more attractive than ever. Besides Ice Cream and Tea, we are now serving up

OYSTERS, COALS, &c.
Tea, Coffee, Charlotte Russe, &c.

Ladies will find our Saloon everything they desire.

The same liberal policy that characterized us in Ice Cream will be observed in regard to Oysters, &c., so drop in see us.

FUSSELL,
No. 509 Broad Street.

Banks, Insurance, &c.

North Ward National Bank
OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

THIS Institution commenced business on the 24th of February last, in the Rhodes Building, No. 445 Broad Street, nearly opposite the M. & E. R. R. Depot. It is very conveniently located for residents of Bloomfield, Montclair and vicinity who may desire to have banking facilities in Newark.

DIRECTORS.
H. M. Rhodes, C. A. Fuller,
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J. Ward Woodruff, Joseph M. Smith,
F. T. Doremus, Joseph M. Smith,
Benj. F. Crane, Joseph Conit,
George Roe, GEORGE ROE, Cashier.
Mar. 1-1y

PEOPLE'S

Savings Institution,
445 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

NEWARK, Oct. 18, 1873.
At a meeting of the Board of Managers, held this day, a dividend at the rate of

7 PER CENT. PER ANNUM, was declared on all deposits entitled thereto on the 1st of November, payable on or after November 18th, and if not drawn to be counted as principal from November 1st.

Money deposited on or before November 1st, will draw interest from that date.

H. M. RHODES, President,
ALEXANDER GRANT, Treasurer.

CITIZENS' Insurance Company,
445 BROAD STREET,
NEWARK, N. J.

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$300,000.
ASSETS, OVER \$300,000.

JAS. J. DARLING, President.
A. P. SCHAEFF, Secretary.
C. BRADLEY, Surveyor.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO.
NEWARK, N. J.

Statement, January 1st, 1873

Balance as per statement, Jan. 1, 1873, \$23,741 79 51

Received for interest during the year 1873, \$3,344 18 51

Received for interest during the year 1873, 1,304 11 18

Received for interest during the year 1873, 770 99

Total receipts for 1873, \$6,860 05 68

Paid claims by death, \$1,911,444 72

Paid endowments, 40,301 11

Paid surrenders, 296,024 98

Paid advertising and printing, 64,004 00

Paid contingent expenses, \$3,345 91

Paid postage and exchange, 11,051 49

Paid taxes and interest, \$4,644 00

Paid commissions to agents, 406,043 33

Paid physicians' fees, 20,382 22

Paid salaries, 1,468 70

Paid returns premium, 1,600 43 00

\$4,573,063 91

\$4,500,000 00

\$73,063 91

\$73,063 91

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OUR CHRISTMAS STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.
BY RUTH EMMERSON.

UNDER THE WINGS OF ST. GABRIEL.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

So completely had Clare's morbid dreamings gained ascendancy over her clouded mind at the time of Godefrid's leaving the hospital, that all other feelings and considerations had given way to the determination to follow him and seek his unknown sister, whom she believed to be connected with her own and her lover's fate.

In the light of what she thought a heavenly revelation, the frail and timid girl started upon the journey, scarcely realizing the obstacles which she must inevitably have encountered, had she not fallen into the loving and grateful obedience formerly rendered to the devoted Sister who had been her comforter and guardian, was not sufficient to control the power of this absorbing purpose.

It was not until the kind attentions and cheering promises of her new benefactor had somewhat relieved her benighted mind of its anxious load, that her thoughts began to turn conscience-stricken towards those whom she feared were suffering grief on her account. With trembling fingers she wrote a letter when but four days from St. Gabriel, begging the Sister's forgiveness for seeming ingratitude, giving assurance of her safety, and promising soon to send more joyful tidings.

When this letter was dispatched, Clare seemed for a time, more cheerful and content, but as the miles which separated her from St. Gabriel grew rapidly less, the old trepidation and excitement returned with their wonted force.

In befriending the fair stranger whom they had encountered upon their journey, her generous friends found their interest daily increasing; but all their attempts to win her confidence, were unavailing. Of her great eagerness to reach St. Gabriel, they were well aware, but what were her motives for going to the place, or even if she really had friends there, they were unable to discover, so reticent had she proved notwithstanding her evident gratitude for their kindness.

It was with sincere regret that they parted from their young protégée who set out alone the morning before Christmas day, to accomplish the last stages of her journey.

In the large and comfortable sleigh which they had thoughtfully provided for her conveyance, Clare sped swiftly along over the crisp and shining snow, revolving in her fevered fancy the alternating hopes and fears which had tormented her during the past weeks; now begging the driver to urge the horses to their utmost speed, and again quivering in nervous terror at the thought that she would soon be face to face with the stranger of her dreams, who was so mysteriously linked with her destiny.

Remembering that Godefrid Grenoble must make his way on foot, and ignorant of his having taken a more direct route than that taken by her late protectors, she had congratulated herself on the impossibility of his overtaking and discovering her, an event greatly to be dreaded, since she was convinced that he would in some way prevent the fulfillment of the hopes which she knew he considered to be but visionary. What was her amazement then, on stopping at a lonely little inn upon the road, to behold through the window the form of the man whom she had supposed to be many miles behind her.

She called to the driver, but he was engaged with a warming beverage beside the stove, and in his stead brought Godefrid himself to the door, where he stood petrified with troubled astonishment.

Frantic with her unreasonable apprehensions, the startled girl jerked at the loose reins in such a reckless manner that the horses plunged wildly forward into the road over which she seemed determined to flee from the apparition in the doorway.

With a warning cry Godefrid darted after the uncontrolled animals, but not in time to prevent the overturning of the sleigh, whose gentle occupant was dragged for several yards over the frozen snow, before her senseless form was rescued from its perilous situation by the terrified occupants of the inn.

Surrendering the still restive horses to their driver, Godefrid with heart-quickening follow the bewailing and gesticulating procession that accompanied the strong inn-keeper, as he tenderly bore into the house the unhappy lady.

For a long time, restoratives were applied in vain, and when at last the breath of life seemed to be struggling back into the frail body, the young soldier who had been the innocent cause of the sad accident hastened to place himself beyond the range of Lady Clare's vision, lest she should be occasioned further distress by opening her eyes upon him.

It was not with very envious reflections that he gazed upon that ashen face, which had so often bent over him in gentle ministrations, so often lightened with its pure loveliness, the wearisome hours of hospital life.

If any one had foretold that he was ever to bring a look of pain or terror to that beloved face, Godefrid would have rejected the idea as an impossibility; yet here he stood, fearing that the sound of his voice, or the sight of his form would give an additional shock to the delicate fabric of her reason, already awaying fearfully upon its foundations.

Through the long hours, they wooed her back to life; but when strength had in a measure returned, so that she was able to rise and look about her, and in an imperious tone which could not be disobeyed she asked for Godefrid.

He came before her with a strange mingling of feelings; wondering most of all at the great change that had taken place in the shrieking and beautiful "Moon-beam."

Her countenance was perfectly colorless, but for the hectic spots that burned in both her cheeks, and her eyes glowed like live coals.

"You have treated me like a child," she cried, rising before him; "you have made light of my entreaties and thwarted my plans, but I will bear it no longer! I will have my will, and be obeyed! I am going to St. Gabriel to find your sister, and you are to go with me and show me the way, without breathing a word against it."

"But, Lady Clare, you are not able to take this cold ride; you will kill yourself!"

"Don't let us waste time in words. I am going, and that is enough!" and she motioned to the women to bring her outer wrappings, with a look about her lips which warned Godefrid that any further resistance would have a fatal effect.

Accordingly they turned their faces toward St. Gabriel, in the light of a glowing sunset, against which Clare sternly closed her eyes, crumpling silently down among the robes with a rigid face.

CHAPTER NINTH.

Returning slowly and thoughtfully from the village, Robert Campion had nearly reached the cottage door, when his steps were arrested by the sound which issued from within. As if the voice which of all voices his heart had listened for, had been called by his wandering thoughts over sea and land, there floated upon the evening air, the sad, sweet notes of an old English song which he had often heard in happier hours from the same lips.

His heart stood still to listen, but when the words had died away into silence, he found his way as if in a dream, to the window, where the curtain loosely drawn, left a service for his bewildered vision.

It was a strange picture he saw under the lower-lid shadows. Within, in one corner knelt the curé with his face raised to heaven; beside him Jacques' shining eyes and hair peered from behind a great fir bough, while Marie sat on one side, clinging to the arm of her brother standing beside her; but Robert was scarcely conscious of any other presence, so closely were his eyes riveted upon the figure that moved up and down the room, with face buried in her hands.

Suddenly she paused and raised her head as she came before Marie in her walk, and taking the girl's face between her hands, turned it up toward the light and gazed into it long and searchingly. The dark eyes dropped under the intense scrutiny, but slow tears forced themselves through the long lashes and the young mouth trembled very painfully.

"Yes! yes!" the lady murmured, "I have seen it somewhere, somewhere; but why did I want to see it again? Will no one tell me?" and she dropped it with a heavy sigh. "You could help me to remember if you would," she cried, turning to Godefrid rebukingly, "but it is of no use to beg," and she put out her hand deprecatingly as he would have spoken.

"You will only put me off with fair words, and try to satisfy me with well arranged stories as if I were a child or a sick person, but oh! why did I lose it, why did I lose it?"

She turned and resumed her restless walk, now wringing her hands and looking about with wild and imploring eyes, and again pausing and pressing her troubled brow, as if to bring back some thoughts which evaded her grasp.

It was only with a strong effort of self-control that the watcher at the window was enabled to resist the impulse to rush to the rescue of the unhappy and beloved being before him; but the danger of the sudden shock his appearance would occasion, caused him to delay the disclosure.

With a bitter and sobbing laugh that made the hearts of the listeners ache, Clare closed her eyes and ears as if to shut out all sights and sounds, and broke out again into singing. Odd matches of all sorts chased one another recklessly until she lighted upon Scott's "Proud Mary."

Scarcely had she begun the words, when an inspiration seized Robert. He sprang to the door and tapped lightly; Marie's ear caught the sound, but the singer's ear took no notice of it.

"Hand me the flagolet!" whispered Robert hoarsely, indicating by a motion of silence that he knew all and did not wish to be betrayed.

Very softly Marie handed him the instrument which was fortunately within reach, the door closed noiselessly, and in an instant he was again at the window watching.

She sang the last stanza, with a weary voice:

"The glow-worm o'er stock and stone
"Shall light thee steady;
"The owl from the steeples sing
"Welcome proud lady!"

Then she sank down upon the low pallet beside her, her hands dropping from her face with a slow gesture of exhaustion. Softly from without, echoed the notes of her last song. With a quick, surprised look Clare raised her head and leaned forward listening intently.

Breathless with delight she leaned her head upon her hand and drank in the sweet melodies that glided gently into one another like the links in a golden chain. No recollections of the past seemed to float to her upon the tide of the music, no curious desire to find the source of the sounds that pleased her. If the shadow of a painful association appeared for a moment to be hovering over her face, before it had formed itself into a thought, it was dispelled by the smile which greeted some dainty and joyous little roundelay that she had carded in the happy days gone by.

The white lids dropped over the smiling eyes, the fair head sank back upon the pillow, and with a sigh of sweet content, Lady Clare fell into a deep and gentle slumber.

The player without, who had watched through his loop hole, every change upon that dear face, breathed the throbbings of his heart, through the flagolet, into the song which he and Clare had last sung together before parting; and leaving the sad and tender strains to wear themselves into her dreams, he ceased his vigil and ventured to enter the cottage.

The long hours of the Christmas Eve went slowly by. Jacques had long since curled himself upon an odorous heap of green boughs, and fallen asleep. The curé too, worn with his long and fervid devotions, had unwillingly yielded to the gentle force of "Nature's sweet restorer."

Seated with her brother's arm about her in the flickering shadow, Marie had watched with him in reverent awe, the pale and peaceful countenance upon the pillow, with the patient, motionless figure bending above it, until the room grew dimmer and dimmer before their eyes, the tick of the old clock fainter and fainter in their ears, and Robert Campion was waking and watching alone.

The candle burned lower in the socket, and wavered uncertainly, as if in unison with the fluttering breath coming and going so lightly in the scarcely stirring breast, that he who hung upon each respiration, feared that it was slipping every moment from his weak and powerless grasp.

Would the little flame of life which he cherished so unavailingly, burn out in the stillness of that blessed night, while to the rest of the world, tidings of joy and peace floated in upon the holy memories of its hours.

As if in tender rebuke there came to him the words of that beautiful "song in the night."

"Sleep soft beloved, we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eye-lids creep,
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth life beloved sleep."

And friends, dear friends,—when it shall be That this low breath is gone from me, And round my bier ye come to weep, Let one most loving of you all, Say, "Not a tear moist o'er her fall—He giveth life beloved sleep!"

The flame of the candle quivered a moment and sank; the glimmering spark glowed for a moment and died out.

With the darkness, a sense of oppression fell heavily upon Robert's heart, growing weightier with each monotonous tick that slowly and ceaselessly marked the sweep of time. It hung upon him like a horrible nightmare. He could bear the stupor that held him, he rose and drew back the curtain.